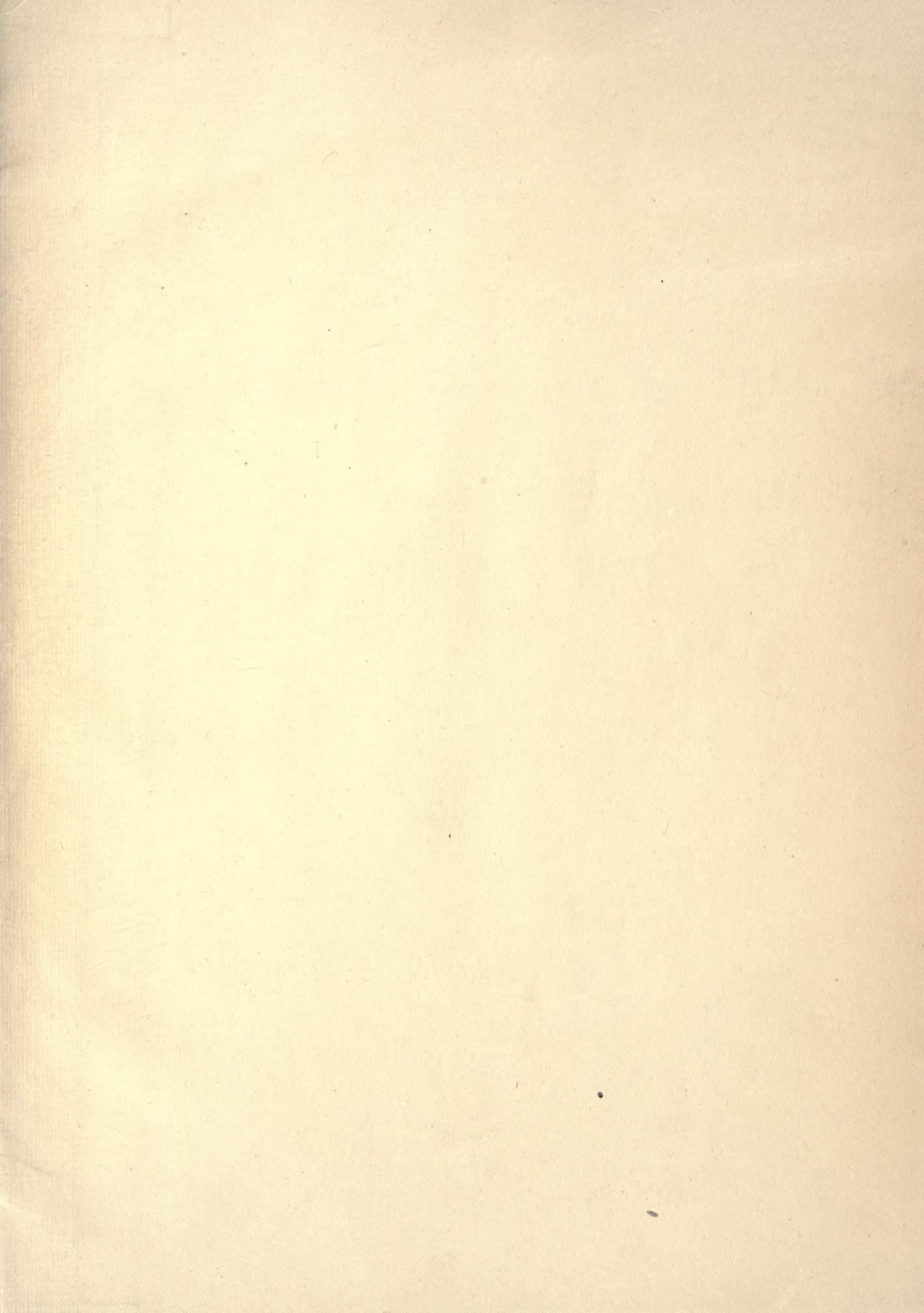




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1533a





The Tudor Facsimile Texts

John John the husband, Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1533

[Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

John John the Husband

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Vol. 39.
Under the Supervision and Editorship of
JOHN S. FARMER

John John the husband,
Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

1533

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MCMIX

PR
2564
J7
1533a

Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir Thān the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

This is another of the plays attributed, with some show of reason, to John Heywood, though there is no absolute certainty in the matter.

The copy from which this facsimile is taken is in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and has been reproduced through the courtesy of the College authorities. Only one other example is known to be extant: this is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The year of printing appears in the colophon under the signature of William Rastell, the judge, a nephew on his mother's side of Sir Thomas More, and a brother-in-law of John Heywood himself.

Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that, in comparison with the original, the printing and general appearance of this facsimile is of the usual satisfactory character. The only specific "faults" occur through the "rustiness" of the original; as, for example, the blots on A. i. recto and verso, these being rather too dark in tint. The corner "mendings" on A. ii. verso are likewise slightly too heavy; while on B. i. and B. iii., in each case recto and verso, the type shows through very strongly in the original.

JOHN S. FARMER.



A mery play

betwene Johan Johan the
husbande / Tyb his
wyfe / a syr Thān
the prest.

T Johan Johan the husbande:
C God spedē you maysters euychone
Wote ye not wherther my wyfe is gone
I pray god the dyuell take her
For all that I do I can not make her
But she wyl go a gaddynge very myche
Lyke an Anthony ppg with an olde wyche
Whiche ledeth her about hirther and thyther
But by our lady I wote not wherther
But by goggē blod were she come home
Unto this my house / by our lady of crōne
I woldē bete her or that I dynke
Wete her qd a : pe a that she shall stynke
And at euyt stroke lay her on the grounde
And trayne her by the here about the house rounde
I am euyn mad that I bete her not nowe
But I shall rewarde her hardly well ynowe
There is never a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer betten halfe so well
C Weten qd a : pe a but what and she therof dye
Than I may chounce to be hanged shortly
And whan I haue beten her tyll she smoke
And gryuen her manys a. C. stroke
Thynke ye that she wyl amende yet
Nay by our lady the deuyll spedē wher
Therefore I wyl not bete her at all
C And shall I not bete her / no shall

A. l.

Whan she offendeth and doth amys
And keþeth not her house/as her ductie is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cokkes blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and thwak her I trow
That she shall besypte the house for very wo
But yet I thynk what my neybour wyll say than
He wyll say thus/whom chydest y Johan Johan
Mary wylli I say/I chyde my curst wyfe
The verkest drab that euer bare lyfe
Whiche doth noþyng but go and come
And I can not make her kepe her at home
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by
Washe her cote Johan Johan/and bete her hardely
But than unto hym myn ans were shalbe
The more I bete her the worse is she
And wors and wors make her I shall
The wyll say than/bete her not at all
And why shall I say/this wold be wylst
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyft
But this is a noþer poynþ/worst of all
The folke wyll moche me/whan they here me brall
But for all that shall I let therfore
To chastyce my wylfe euer the more
And to make her at home for to tary
Is not that wellydone/yes by saynt mary
That is a poynþ of an honest man
for to bete his wylfe wellydone and than
Therefore I shall bete her/hauie ye no dredre
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starke dede
And why? by god because it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffre her/I make you sure
Nought shulde puangle me/noþer stasse nor waster
Within a whyle she wold be my marster
Therefore I shall bete her by cokkes mother
Both on the toun syde and on the tother
Before and behynde/nought shall be her bote
From the top of the heed/to the sole of the fote
But masters for goddes sake do not entrete
for her/whan that she shalbe bete
But for goddes passion let me alone
And I shall thwak her that she shall grone
Wherfore I beseche you and hertely you pray
And I beseche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this ones
And I shall beate her by colkes bones
That she shall stynke syke a pole bat
But yet by goggys body that nede nat
for she wyl stynke without any betyng
for every nyght ones she gyueth me an hetyng
from her issueth such a stynkyng smoke
That the sauour therof almost doth me choke
But I shall bete her nowe without fayle
I shall bete her toppe and tayle
Deed shulders armes legges and all
I shall bete her I trowe that I shall
And by goggys boddy I tell you trowe
I shall bete her tyll she be blache and blewe
But where the dyuell trowe ye she is gon
I holde a noble she is with syr Johan
I fere I am begyled alway
But yet in fayth I hope well nay
Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
Se the behauour of our gentylwoman
And yet I thynke thyther as she doth go
Many an honest wyfe goth thyther also
for to make some pastyme and spore
But than my wyfe so ofte doth thyther resorte
That I fere she wyl make me weare a fether
But yet I nede not for to fere nether
for he is her gossyp that is he
But abyde a whyle yet let me se
Where the dyuell hath our gypseyry begon
My wyfe had never chylde doughter nor son
Nowe if I forbede her that she gono more
yet wyl she go as she dyd before
Or els wyl she chuse some other place
And then the matter is in as yll case
But in fayth all these wordes be in wast
for I thynke the matter is done and past
And whan she cometh home she wyl begyn to chyde
But she shall haue her payment syk by her syde
for I shall order her for all her bradlyng
Tyr. That she shall repent to go a catter wadlyng
Than Whyp whom wylt thou beate I say thou knaue
Tyr. Who I Tyr none so god me saue
Than Cyes I harde the say thou woldest one bete
Mary wyfe it was stokfysshe in temmes strete

Whiche wylle be good meate agaynst lent
Whyp tyb what haddest y thought y I had ment
Tyb. ¶ Mary me thought I harde the bawlyng
Wylt thou neuer leue this bawlyng
Hewe the dyuell dost thou thy selfe behaue
Shall we ever haue this worke thou knaue
Than. ¶ What wyse/hewe sayst y/ Was it well gest of me
That thou woldest be come home in safete
Assone as I had bensid a fyre
Come warme the swete tyb I the require
Tyb. ¶ O Johan Johan/ I am a fayd by this lyght
That I shalbe sore syb this nyght
Than. ¶ Wy colke soule/nowe I dare lay a swan
That she comes nowe streyght fro syr Johan
For ever whan she bath fatched of hym a lyk
Than she comes home/and sayth she is syk
Tyb. ¶ What sayst thou. I. Mary I say
It is mete for a woman to go play
Abrode in the towne for an houre or two
Tyb. ¶ Well gentylman/go to go to
Than. ¶ Well let vs haue no more debace
Tyb. ¶ If he do not fyght/chyde/and rate
brause and face/as one that were frantylle
There is nothyng that may hym lyke
Than. ¶ If that the paryshe preest syr Johan
Dyd not se her nowe and than
And gyue her absolution vpon a bed
For wo and payne/she wolde sone be ded
Tyb. ¶ For godds sake Than Johan/ do the not displease
Many a tyme I am yll at ease
What thykest nowe/ am not I somwhat syk
Than. ¶ Nowe wolde to god and swete saynt Dyrly
That thou warie in the water vp to the throte
Dri in a burnyng ouer red hote
To se and I wolde pull the out
Tyb. ¶ Nowe Johan Johan/ to put the out of dout
Imagn thou where that I was
Before I came home. I. My pcease
Thou wast praynge in the churche of poules
Upon thy knees for all chyrssten soules
Tyb. ¶ Mar. I. ¶ Than if thou wast not so holy
She we me where thou wast/ and make no lye
Tyb. ¶ Truly Johan Johan we made a pre
I and my gossp Margery

And our gossyp the preest syr Johan
And my neybourys yongest daughter An
The preest payde for the stusse and the makyng
And Margery she payde for the bakynge

Jhan. **C**Op hokkē lylly woundē that same is she
That is the most bawde hens to Couentre

Tyb. **C**What say you, J. **C**Mary ans were me to this
Is not syr Johan a good man/yes that he is

Jhan. **C**Da Tyb, if I shulde not greue the
I haue somwhat wherof I wulde meue the

Tyb. **C**Well husbande/nowe I do coniect
That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
But by my soule, I never go to syr Johan
But I fynde hym lyke an holy man
for eyther he is sayenge his deuotion
Or els he is goyng in pcessyon

Jhan. **C**Yea rounde about the bed doth he go
youtwo to gether and no mo
And for to synyshe the pcessyon
He lepeth up and thou speyst downe

Tyb. **C**What sayst thou, J. **C**Mary I say he doth well
for so ought a shepherde to do/as I hardetell
for the saluation of all his folde

Tyb. **C**Johan Johan. What is it that thou wulde
tyb. **C**Op my soule I loue the too too
And I shall tell the or I further go
The ppe that was made/I haue it nowe here
And ther with I trust we shall make good cheare

Jhan. **C**Op hokkē body that is very happy

tyb. **C**But warest who gaue it, J. **C**What dypuel reb J.

tyb. **C**Op my fayth and I shall say tre we than
The dypuell take me and it were not syr Johan

Jhan. **C**O holde the peas wyfe/and swete no more
But I bessire we both yow hartes therfore

Tyb. **C**Yet paduenture thou hast suspcion
Of that that was never thought nor done
Jhan. **C**Tushe wyfe/let all suche matters be
I loue the well though thou loue not me
But this ppe doth nowe catche hatme
Let vs set it vpon the harth to warme

tyb. **C**Than let vs eat it as fast as we can
But bycause syr Johan is so honest a man
I wulde that he shulde therof eat his part

Tyb. **C**That were reason I the ensure

Jhan. **C**Than syns that it is thy pleasure

I pray the than go to hym ryght
And pray hym come sup with vs to nyghe

Thān. **C**hāll he cū hyther by cobblē sōuse I was a cūst
Whān that I graunted to that wōrde furst
But syrs I haue sayd it I dare not say nay
For than my wīfē and I shulde make a frāp
But whān he is come I shāre by goddē mother
I wōld gyue the dyuell hōne to cary awāy hōtēt.

Tyb. **C**What sayst. Id. **C**Mary he is my curate I say
My confessour and my frende alway
Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by
And cūll thou come agayne I wōll kepe the ppe

Tyb. **C**hāll I go for hym nay I shāre me than
Go thou and seke as fast as thou can
And tell hym it. I. **C**hāll I do so
In fāpht it is not mete for me to go

Tyb. **C**But thou shālt go tell hym for all that
Thān. **C**Thān shāll I tell hym wōtest what
That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere

Tyb. **C**Mary that thou desyrest hym to come sup here
Thān. **C**Mary by the rode wīfē hō shālt haue the wōrshyp
And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp

Tyb. **C**Full ofte I se my hūsbande wōll me rate
For this hēther commyngh of our gentylē curate

Thān. **C**What sayst Tyb/let me here that agayne

Tyb. **C**Mary I percevē very playne
That thou hast syr Johān somwhat insūspect
But by my sōuse as far as I coniect
He is vertuouse and full of chārte

Thān. **C**In fāpht all the towne knoweth better that he
Is a hōre monger/a haunter of the stōdes
An ypoçrite/a knaue/that all men refuse
A syer/a wretche/a maker of stryfe
Better than they knowe that thou art my good wīfē

Tyb. **C**What is that that thou hast sāde

Thān. **C**Mary I wōlde haue the table set and layde
In this place or that I care not whether

Tyb. **C**Thān go to bryngē the trestels hyther

Thān. **C**Abyde a whyle/let me put of my gōdē
But yet I am a frāpde to lay it down
For I fere it shāll be sōne stōlen
And yet it may lye safe ynough unstōlen
It may lye well here and I lyst
But by cobblē sōuse here hath a dogge pyst

And if I shulde say it on the harth bare
It myght hap to be burned or I were ware

Therefore I pray you take ye the Payne
To kepe my godne tyl I come agayne

Ihan. ¶ But yet he shal not haue it by my say
He is so nere the dore he myght com away
But bycause that ye be trusty and sure
Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
And bycause it is arayde at the skyr
Whyle ye do no thyng shape of the dynt

Tyb. ¶ Lo nowe am I redy to go to syr Johan
And byd hym come as fast as he can

Ihan. ¶ Ye do so without ony taryeng
But I say harke thou hast forgot one thyng
Set by the table and that by and by
Nowe go thy waies I. ¶ I go shorsly
But se your candelstykks be not out of the way

Tyb. ¶ Come agayne and lay the table I say
What me thynk ye haue sone don

Ihan. ¶ Nowe I pray god that his malediction
Lyght on my wyfe and on the bauide preest

Tyb. ¶ Nowe go thy waies and hye the seest

Ihan. ¶ I pray to Christ if my wyf he be no synne
That þ preest may breke his neck whan he comes in

Tyb. ¶ How cum agayn I. What a myschef wylt þ sole
tyb. ¶ Mary I say brynge hether yender stole

Ihan. ¶ Nowe go to a lyttell wolde make me
for to say thus a vengance take the

tyb. ¶ Nowe go to hym and tell hym playn
That tyl thou brynge hym þ wylt not come agayn

Ihan. ¶ This ppe doth borne here as it doth stande
tyb. ¶ Go washe me these two cuppes in my hande

Ihan. ¶ I go with a myschef lyght on thy face
tyb. ¶ Go and byd hym hye hym a pace

And the whyle I shal all thynges amende
Ihan. ¶ This ppe burneth here at this ende

Understandest thou T. ¶ Go thy waies I say

Ihan. ¶ I wyl go nowe as fast as I may
tyb. ¶ How come ones agayne I had forgot

Loke and there be ony ale in the pot

Ihan. ¶ Nowe a vengance and a very myschef
Lyght on the pylde preest and on my wyfe
On the pot the ale and on the table
The candyl the ppe and all the table

On the trysters and on the stole
It is moche ado to please a curst fole
Tyb. **C**hthy wāys no we and tary no more
for I am a hungred very sore
Thān. **C** Mary I go. **C**T. but come ones agayne yet
Wrynge hyther that breade lest I forget it
Thān. **C**I wāys it were tyme for to come
The ppe for wāys it doth borne
Tyb. **C**oerde howe my hussande no we doth patter
And of the ppe styl doth clatter
Go no we and byd hym come awāy
I haue byd the an hundred tymes to day
Thān. **C**I wāll not gyue a strawe I tell you playne
If that the ppe wāxe cosde agayne
Tyb. **C**What art thou not gone yet out of this place
I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in y space
But by cokhē soule and I shulde do the ryght
I shulde breke thy knaues heed to nyght
Thān. **C**May than if my wāpse be set a chydynge
It is tyme for me to go at her bydbynge
There is a prouerbe whiche tē we no we preueth
He must nedes go that the dyuell dryueth
CHow mayster curate may I come in
At your chamber dore without ony syn
Chār Johān the prest.
CWho is there no we that wolde haue me
What Johān Johān/ What nedes with the
Thān. **C**Mary syr to tell you shortly
My wāpse and I pray you harsely
And eke despre you with all our myght.
That ye wolde come and sup with us to nyght
Syr. J. **C**Ye must pardon me in fayth I ne can
Thān. **C**Yes I despre you good syr Johān
Take payne this ones/ and yet at the leſt
If ye wāll do nougħt at my request
Yet do ſomewhat for the loue of my wāpse
Syr. J. **C**I wāll not go for makynge of ſtryſe
But I ſhall tell the what thou ſhalte do
Thou ſhalt tary and sup with me or thou go
Thān. **C**Wāll ye not go than/ why ſo
I pray you tell me/ is there any dysdayne
Or ony enmyte betwene you twayne
Syr. J. **C**In fayth to tell the betwene the and me
She is as wāpse a wōman as any may be.

I know it well/for I haue had the chalenge
Of her soule/and sechyd her consciens at large
I never kne to her/but honest and wypse
Without any purlyf/ or any vypce

Haue one fault/I know in her no more
And because I rebuke her/no wod and then therfore
She is angre with me/and hath me in hate
And yet that that I do/I do it for your welch

Than. Now god wylde you/god master curate
And as ye do/so send you your helth
Wys I am bound to you a pleasure

Spr. I. Yet thou thynkyst amys peradventure
That of her body she shuld not be a good woman
But I shall tell the what I haue done Joham
For that matter/she and I be somtyme alosse
And I do lye vpon her/manyn a tyme and ofte
To proue her/ yet could I never espy

Than. That euer any/dyd wroth her than I
Hyrthat is the best care I haue of nyne
Thankyd be god/and your good doctryne
But ys it please you/tell me the matter
And the debate betwene you and her

Spr. I. I shall tell the/but thou must kepe secret
Than. As for that spr/I shall not let
Spr. I. I shall tell the now/the matter plary
She is angry with me/and hath me in dysday
Because that I do her oft intree

To do some penaunce/after myne aduysse
Because she/wyll never leue her vradlyng
But alway with the/she is chydlyng and vradlyng

And therfore I knowe/she hatysh me presens

Than. Nay in good feysh/sauyng your reuertens

Spr. I. I know very well she hath me in hate

Than. Nay/I dare swere for her master curate

But was I not a very knaue

I thought surely/so god me sauue

That he had louyd my wypse/for to dyspseue me

And now he quytyth hym self/and herce I se

He doth as much/as he may for his lyfe

To stynk the debate/betwene me and my wypse

Spr. I. If euer she dyd or though me any wylle

Now I forgyue her with me fre wylle

Therfore Joham Joham/now get the home

And thank thy wypse/and say I wylle not come

Jhan. ¶ Yet let me know now good syr Jhan
Wherē þe wylle go to supper than.

Syr. J. ¶ I care nat greatly, and I tell the
On saterday last, I and n. or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wold sup together
And onys of them sayd he wold bryng thethe
Ale and bread, and for my parte I
Sayd that I wold gyue them a ppe
And therē I gaue them money for the makynge
And an other sayd she wold pay for the balyng
And so we purpose to make good cheare
For to dryue awaie care and thought.

Jhan. ¶ Then I pray you syr tell me here
Wherē shulde all this geare be broughe.

Syr. J. ¶ By my sayth and I shulde not lye
It shulde be desyuered to thy wylle the ppe.

Jhan. ¶ By god it is at my house standyng by the syre.

Syr. J. ¶ Who bespake that ppe, I the require.

Jhan. ¶ By my sayth and I shall not lye
It was my wylle and he vgoossyng Margery
And your good massypp, called syr Jhan
And my neybours yongest daughter An
Your massypp payde for the stuffe and makynge
And Margery she payde for the balyng.

Syr. J. ¶ If thou wylle haue me nowde, in faithe I wylle go.

Jhan. ¶ Ye mary I beseeche your massypp do so
My wylle taryeth for none but vs twayne.

She thynketh longe or I come agayne.

Syr. J. ¶ Well nowde, if she chyde me in thy presens

I wylle content and take in pacyng.

Jhan. ¶ By cokke soule and she ones chyde
Discre done, or souce, or soke as syde
I shall bryng you a stoffe as myche as I may haue
Than bete her and spare not, I gyue you good cue

To chastrice her for her shreude balyng.

Tyb. ¶ The deuyll take the for thy longe taryeng
Here is not a whyt of water by my godne
To washe our hande, that we myght spt downe
Go and hye the as fast as a snayle

And with fayre water fyll me this pase.

Jhan. ¶ I thanke our lord of his good grace
That I can not rest longe in a place.

Tyb. **C**o setche water I say at a wodre
for it is tyme the ppe were on the borde
And go with a vengeance / i say thou art prayde
syr. J. **C**a good gossyp is that well sayde
Tyb. **C**Welcomen myn owne swete herte
We shall make some chere or we departe
Than. **C**okkis soule / loke howe he approcheth nece
Unto my wypse / this abateth my chere
syr. J. **C**hy god I woldre ye had harde the tryfys
The toys / the mokkes / the fables / and the nyfys
That I made thy hussâde to beleue and thyribe
Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke
As thou coudest forbeare laughyng any wypse
Tyb. **C**I pray the let me here parte of that wypse
syr. J. **C** Mary I shall tell the as fast as I can
But peas no more / yonder cometh thy good man
Than. **C**okkis soule / what haue we here
As far as I sawe / he die we very nere
Unto my wypse. T. What art come so sone
Spue vs water to washe nowe / haue done
CThan he syngeth the wypse empty
Than. **C**hy hockes soule it was euuen nowe full to þy synk
But it was out agayne or I coude thyribe
Wherof I marueled by god almyghe
And than I loked betwene me and the synke
And I spyyed a clystie / bothe large and wypde
Lo wypse / herc it is on the tone syde
tyb. **C**why dost not stop it. J. **C**why howe shall I do it
tyb. **C**Take a lytle wax. J. **C**Ho we shal I come to it
syr. J. **C** Mary here be .ii. wax candyls I say
Whiche my gossyp margery gaue me yesterdag
Tyb. **C**Tushe let hym alone / for by the rode
It is ypte to helpe hym or do hym good
syr. J. **C**what Than Than / canst thou make no shysfie
Take this waxe and stop ther with the clystie
Than. **C**This waxe is as harde as any wypse
Tyb. **C**Thou must chase it a lytle at the fyre
Than. **C**She þ broughte the these waxe candelles to Wayne
She is a good companyon certayn
Tyb. **C**what was it not my gossyp margery
syr. J. **C**yes she is a blessed woman surely
tyb. **C**No we woldre god I were as good as she
for she is vertuous and full of charyte
Than. **C**No we so god helpe me / and by my holydome

She is the earnest baus betwene this and Rome
Tyr. What sayst. I. Mary I chase the wax
And I chase it so hard/that my fyngers brakke
But take vp this pp/that I haue borne
And it stand long/r wryt it wyl borne
Tyr. Eye but thou must chase the wax I say
Than. Byd hym syt down I the pray
Hyt down good syr Iohan/ I you requyre
Tyr. Go I say and chase the wax by the fyre
Whyle that we sup/syr Than and I
Than. And how now/what wyl ye do with the pp
Shall I not eate therof/a morsell
Tyr. Go and chase the wax/whyle thou art well
And let vs haue no more prayng thus
syr. I. Benedicte. I. Domini.
Tyr. Now go chase the wax with a myschryfe
Than. What I come to blysse the bord swete wyfe
It is my custome now and than
Wrych good do it you/master syr Than
Tyr. Go chase the wax/and here no lenger tary
Than. And is not this a very purgatory
To se folke eate/and may not eate a bryt
By kokke soule/I am a deyc wodcole
This payse here/nod a vengauence take it
Now my wyfe gwyeth me a proud mok
Tyr. What dost. I. Mary I chase the wax here
And I myagyn/to make you good cheere
That a vengauence take you/botch as ye syt
For I know well/I shall not eate a bryt
But yet in seyth/ye I myght eate one morsell
I wold chynk the matter wene very well
syr. I. Gossyp Than Than/nod inþer good do it you
What cheere make you/therby the fyre
Than. Master yson/I thank you now
I fare well now/after myne own despit
syr. I. What dost Than Than/I the requyre
Than. I chase the wax here by the fyre
Tyr. Here is good drynk/and here is a good pp
syr. I. We fare very well/thankyd be our lady
Tyr. Loke how the kokold chasyth the wax that is hard
And for his lyfe/darlyth not loke hether wad
syr. I. What doth my gossyp. I. I chase the wax
And I chase it so hard/that my fyngers brakke
And ke the smoke/puttyth out my eyes two

I burne my face/and ray my clothys as so
And yet I dare nat say one word

And they spt laughynge/pendre at the bord

Typ. **C**Now by my trouth/it is a prety Iape
for a wyfe/to make her husband her ape
Loke of Ihān Ihān/which maketh hard shyfē

To chase the wax/to stop ther with the clyft

Ihān. **C**Ye that a vengeaunce/take ye both two
Doth hym and the/and the and hym also
And that ye may choke/with the same mete
At the furst mursell/that ye do ete

Typ. **C**Of what thyng now dost thou clatier
Ihān Ihān/or wherof dost thou patter

Ihān. **C**I chase the wax/and make hard shyfē
To stop her with/of the payll the ryft

Spr. I. **C**So must he do Ihān Ihān/by my father hym
That is bound of wedlok in the yoke

Ihān. **C**Loke how the pylō preest crampyth in
That wold to god/he myght ther with choke

Typ. **C**Now master pson/pleasyth your goodnes
To tell vs some tale/of myrth or sadnes

for our pastyme/in way of communyacyon

Spr. I. **C**I am content to do it/for our recreacyon
And of iii. myracles I shall to you say

Ihān. **C**What/must I chase the wax all day
And stond here/costyng by the spire

Sp. I. **C**Thou must do somwhat at thy wypes despit

CI know a man which weddyd had a wyfe

As faire a woman/as euer bare lyfe

And within a senyght after/ryght sone

He went beyondse/and left her alone

And taryed there/about a. vii. yere

And as he cam home warden/he had a heuy cheere

for it was told hym/that she was in heuen

But when that he comen home agayn was

He found his wyfe/and with her chyldren seuen

Whiche she had had/in the mene space

Yet had she not had/so many by thre

Yf she had not had the help of me

Is not this a myracle/ys ever were any

That this good wyfe/shuld haue chyldren so man

Here in this towyn/whyle her husband shuld be

Beyond the se/in a farre contre

Ihān. **C**Now in good sooth/this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour/ I wolde that your face
Were in a shaldyng water well sod

Tyr. ¶ Peace I say/ thou lettest the Worde of god
Syr. I. ¶ An other myracle eke I shall you say

Of a woman/ whiche that many a day
Had ben wedded/ and in all that season
She had no chylde/ nother daughter nor son
Wherfore to saynt Modwin she went on pilgrimage
And offered there alyue pyg/as is the usage
Of the wyses that in London dwele
And through the vertue thecof/ truly to test
Within a moneth after ryght shortly
She was despuered of a chylde as moche as I
How say you/ is not this myracle monderous

Thān. ¶ Yes in good sooth syr/ it is maruelous

But surely after myn oppynyon
That chylde was nother daughter nor son
For certaynly/ and I be not begylde
She was despuered of a knaue chylde

Tyr. ¶ Peas I say for goddes passyon
Thou lettest syr Johans cōmunication

Syr. I. ¶ The chylde myracle also is this
I kne we a nother woman eke ywys
Whiche was wedded/ & within. v. monthis after
She was despuered of a faire daughter
As well formed in every membre & ioynt
And as yfytte in every poynt
As though she had gone. v. monthis full to thende
Lo here is. v. monthis of aduantage

Thān. ¶ A wonderous myracle so god me mende
I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in mariage
And that is wedded here within this place
Myght haue as quicke sped in every suche case

Tyr. ¶ For sooth syr Johan/ yet for all that
I haue sene the day that pus my cat
Dath had in a vere kyntyna eyghtene

Thān. ¶ Ye tyb my wyfe/ and that haue I sene
But bothe say you syr Thān/ was it good your ppe
The dryuell the morself/ that therof eate I
By the good lordi this is a ppteous warke
But nowe I se well the olde prouerbe is treu
The paryshe preest forgetteth þ euer he was clatke
But syr Thān doth not remembre you
How I was your clerke/ & holpe you masse to syng

And hylde the baspn alway at the offring
Ye never has halle so good a clarke as I
But not withstanpyng all this no we our ppe
Is eaten vp/there is not leste a byt
And you two together there do syt
Eatinge and drynkyng at your owne desyre
And I am Johan Thān/ which must stāde by p spye
Chafyng the wāre/and dare none other wāse do
Syr. J. And shall we alway syt here stāle we two
p were to mych. T. Then ryse we out of this place
Syr. J. And hys me than in the fiede of grace
And face well leman and my loue so deere
Thān. C Cobke body this wāre it wāre colde agayn here
But what shall I alone go to bed
And eate no thyng nother meate nor brede
I haue not be wont to haue suche face
Tyb. C Why were ye not serued there as ye are
Chafyng the wāre/standing by the spye
Thān. C Why what mete gaue p me/ I poure quye
Syr. J. C wast thou not serued/ I pray the herte
Woth with the brede/the ale/and the ppe
Thān. C No syr I had none of that face
Tyb. C Why were ye not serued there as ye are
Standing by the spye chafyng the wāre
Thān. C Lo here be many tryfpls and knable
By hokke soule they wene I am other dicke or mad
Tyb. C And had ye no mete Johan Johan no had
Thān. C No tyb my wāse/ I had not a whyt
Tyb. C What not a morsell. J. No not one byt
for honger I wode I shall fall in a sondre
Syr. J. C O that were pple/ I swere by my credence
Tyb. C But is it trewe. J. Ye for a surete
Tyb. C Dost thou ly. J. No so more I haue
Tyb. C Hast thou had no thyng. J. No not a byt
Tyb. C Hast thou not dronke. J. No not a whyt
Tyb. C Where wast thou. J. Up the spye I dyd stande
Tyb. C What dydyst. J. I chafred this wāre in my hande
Wherē as I kne we of wedded men the payne
That they haue/and yet dare not complayne
for the smoke/put out my eyes I wo
I burnēd my face/and rayde my clothes also
Wendyng the payse/whiche is so rotten and olde
That it wāll not stān together holde
And syth it is so/and syns that ye wāys

Wold gyue me no meate/for my suffraunce
By hokke soule I wyl take no lenger payn
Ye shall do all your self/with a very vengauence
for me/and take thou there thy payle now
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how

Tyb. **C**A horson knaue hast thou brok my payle
Thou shalt repent/by hokke lyly narre
Rech me my dystaf/or my clippynge sherris
I shall make the blood conne about his eyrs

Jhan. **C**May stand styr'drab/I say and come no nece
for by hokke blood/yf thou come here
Or yf thou onys styr/toward this place
I shall thowd this shouyl full of colys in thy face

Tyb. **C**Ye horson dryupyl/get the out of my dore

Jhan. **C**May get thy out of my house/thou prest hore

Yr. I. **C**Thou lyest horson kokold/curn to thy face

Jhan. **C**And thou lyest ppsd prest/with an eysl gracie

Tyb. **C**And y lyest. I. **C**ad lyest sri. **C**ad lyest agayn

Jhan. **C**By hokke soule horson prest/thou shall be slayn
Thou hast eate our ppe/and gyue me nonghe

By hokkes blod it shalbe full de resy bought

Tyb. **C**At hym sri Johan/or els god gyue the sorow

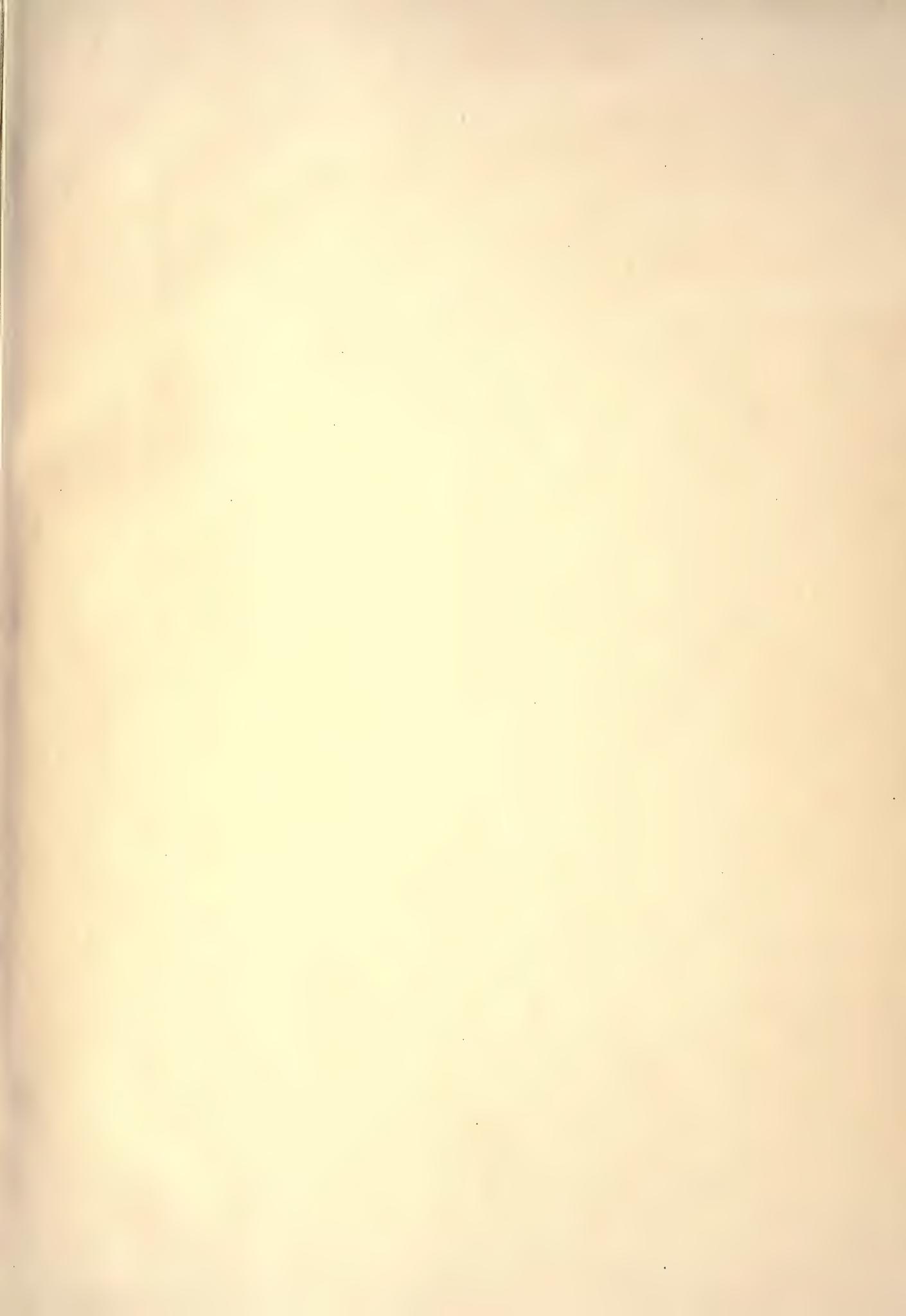
Jhan. **C**Haue at your hore a these/saynt george to horowd
CHere they fyght by the eyrs a whyle a thay
the prest and the wyfe go out of the place.

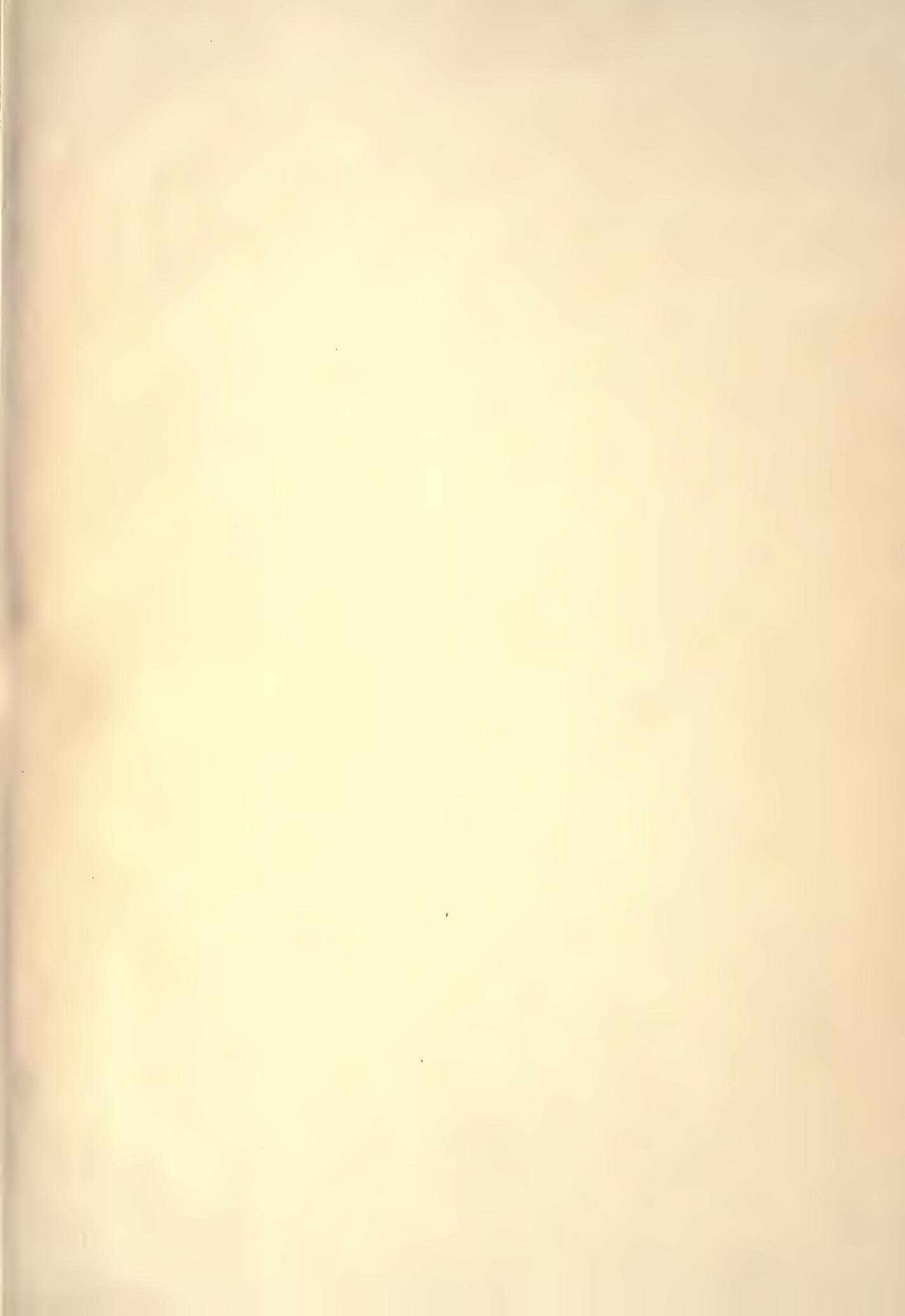
Jhan. **C**Asys I haue payd some of them evyn as I lyf
They haue borne/many a blow with my fyf
I thank god/I haue wakyd them well
And dryuen them hens/but yet can pe tell
Whether they be go/for by god I ferre me
That they be gon together he and she
Unto his chamber/and perhappys she wyl
Spyle of my hart/larp therre styrle
And peraduenture/therre he and she
Wyll make me kokold/curn to ange me
And then had I a ppg/in the woxys paner
Therefore by god/I wyl byre me thyder
To se yf they do me any blyany
And thus fare well this noble company.

Chorus.

CImpryntyd by Willm Rastell/the xiiij day of
Februry the yere of our lord M.cccc. and. xxxvii.

CCurry privilege.







PR Heywood, John
2564 John John the husband
J7
1533a

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